

## SYMPATHY.

They came to me and gently said,  
"Your neighbor's little one lies dead;"  
I answered not, but closer pressed  
My own wee one unto my breast.

Flood him down, my eyes grew dim,  
And once again I bent o'er him;  
Then, out I softly, quickly stole  
The other mother to console.

I clasped her hand, and tried—but no,  
I could not say 'twas better so;  
I could not say, dear heart, resign—  
O Father, what if it were mine!

—Kathleen Kavanagh, in New Orleans Picayune.

## "THANKFUL ELLIS."

Slowly the sun crept over the wheat-field, tracking a broad, black shadow-vell across the billows of green falling before the wind's swift passage, and rising again as the sun sent long, quivering gleams through the bright, restless blades.

Beyond the wheatfield, just across the creek, Deacon Ellis was ploughing his corn. His hearty "chirrup," whenever old Moll turned into a new furrow, could be heard away down to the big road. And between furrows the good deacon whiled away the time, singing the old familiar meeting-house hymn:

"Come, thou fount of every blessing."

It happened that while the deacon was singing in the cornfield, Farmer Foster and his wife were driving to town in their new Jersey. They were crossing the creek at the turn of the big road, and stopped a moment to give the mare a drink just as the deacon's song rose to its highest pitch:

"Here I'll raise mine Ebenezer,  
Hither by Thy help I'm come,  
And I hope by Thy good pleasure,  
Safely to arrive at home."

The farmer's wife laughed as she pushed back her sunbonnet to listen. "The deacon's singin' 'Zekiel,'" she said, "same's if his only cow didn't fall in the ditch yistiddy, an' break her leg, an' have to be knocked in the head."

The farmer tapped his whip at a fly on the back of his mare.

"An' the same," he said, "as if his biggest heifer wasn't down with the pink-eye. Nothin' can't stop him a-thankin' of the Lord, Nancy. Rain or shine, summer'n winter, hit's all the same to Deacon Ellis. There's allus somethin' not quite as bad as it might 'a been. I've a good min' to drive by and ax after the heifer, Nancy."

"Do, 'Zekiel. Hit'll look kinder neighborly," said the farmer's wife, and the Jersey wagon turned out of the big road into the red lane running past the deacon's cornfield. The deacon saw them coming, and called old Moll to a halt, while he went over to the worn fence and exchanged "how-d'ye do's" with his neighbors. Greetings being over, Farmer Foster inquired after the deacon's wife.

"Well, she's allin' some, to be sure," was the answer. "She's allin' some, but the Lord be praised for it, she's up 'n' about again!"

"An' how's the heifer, deacon?"

"Pooty, mighty pooty; but 'tain't the only one we've got, an' I'm a-thankin' of the Lord for that."

Farmer Foster took up his lines; it was no easy matter to condescend with his neighbor Ellis.

"Well, deacon," he said, "we druv by to tell you as we felt pow'ful cut up 'bout that fine cow o' yours as broke her leg yistiddy, but seems you don't need no help to bear your bad luck."

Deacon Ellis pulled a cedar splinter from the fence rail before he answered.

"Well," he said, slowly, "my ole 'oman set a sight o' store by that cow an' my little gal cried for milk last night, to be sure. We'll miss old Spot, thar ain't no denyin' o' that. But we've got a sight o' nice beef o' n' her, an' that's somethin' to be thankful for."

"See here, deacon," Mrs. Foster would hear of no further thanksgiving in the midst of such dire misfortune. She understood exactly what the loss of the cow meant to the invalid wife and sickly daughter of the man who was straining every point in order to pay off the mortgage upon the few acres he called his farm. "See here, deacon," she said, "you send David over to my house every evenin' an' get a quart o' milk for that little gal o' yours. 'Tain't no manner o' count to us, an' David can cut across lots an' come for it in no time."

The deacon thanked her and said he would, and in his heart he thanked the Lord for the unexpected good, and that night he thanked Him aloud, upon his knees, for the gift of neighbors and friends. And the next morning at breakfast, when a blessing had been asked upon the humble meal and Mrs. Ellis set a mug of Farmer Foster's nice, new milk before the sick child, who clasped her little hands joyfully at sight of it, the deacon bowed his gray head again, and thanked the Master of mercies a second time "for all His many blessings."

The next Sunday he was in his accustomed place at the village church, and when he bent to pray, few would

of a cow had been stricken down with the same disease.

"Streams of mercy never ceasing,  
Call for songs of loudest praise."

Higher and fuller the sweet song rose, as if the singer's life had been one continual round of peace, and his pathway one of roses and perpetual summer. The good man shut his eyes to visible things, and closed his heart to worldly cares; and neither the dead heifer nor the unfortunate cow could shake the foundation of thankfulness in his heart.

Spring ripened into summer, the corn in the deacon's field looked healthy. But the wheat—alas! the sun creeping across the waving billows found rust among the ripening heads. And when it was cut and waiting the deacon's turn for the threshing the rain set in and the grain sprouted.

The loss of his wheat was a blow to the embarrassed farmer, and he received but little sympathy from his neighbors who had urged him to follow their example, and shock and cap his wheat on the Sabbath as the only possible means of saving it. But with the consistency for which he was noted, he refused to desecrate the Lord's day, but chose rather to keep that holy, and trust the result to Him who controls the weather.

"Here I'll raise mine Ebenezer."

Farmer Foster riding down the road heard the deacon's voice, and following the sound found the old man in the ruined field singing among the stubble. Not a break in the grand old hymn to tell of doubt or discouragement, or distrust. In the midst of wreck and ruin the altar had been erected and reconsecrated to Him who sends both sun to soften and rain to destroy.

"It's bad, mighty bad, a-comin' on me just now; there ain't no denyin' o' that," he told neighbor Foster. "But the cornfield's left, an' that's a good deal to be thankful for."

"So 'tis, so 'tis," replied the farmer, and he went home feeling that somehow Deacon Ellis' affairs were as bad as they could be, but might be worse if the deacon had a mind to look on the dark side.

"Well," said Mrs. Foster, when her good man rode into the back yard, "is Deacon Ellis a-thankin' of the Lord, because the wheat's all sp'iled, 'Zekiel?"

"No, Nancy," replied Farmer Foster, "the deacon ain't such a fool as to do that. He's some cut up about the wheat, but he's jubilein' pow'ful over the corn."

"Well, when the corn's gone he'll mire over the ground being left. An' when that's tuk ther'll sholy be nothin' left for Deacon Ellis to be gloryfyin' over. An' it'll be tuk, mark what I tell you, 'Zekiel."

It was not long after this that the deacon's little girl died. This was the heaviest blow that had fallen upon him, but so deeply engrossed was he in the effort to comfort his stricken wife that he forgot his own sorrow, and failed also to notice that the drouth had ripened the corn before its time; so that where he had hoped to find the full, ripe ear, only premature nubbins were hidden away under the crisp yellow sheaves.

"Well," the deacon drew his wife's head to his bosom, "we have got each other, Mary, an' that's a heap to thank the Lord for."

But even that solace was denied him very long. Always, as the deacon said, "one of the allin' o'es," the strain upon mind and heart was too great for the frail body, and Mrs. Ellis was laid to rest by the side of her little girl under the cedars beyond the wheatfield.

The deacon's cross was growing heavy indeed. The neighbors began to call him Job, and, although his voice still led the old hymn on Sabbath mornings in the village church, there was a quiver in it that told how heavily the tired heart was leaning upon the "Goodness and Mercy" which he declared had followed him "all the days of his life."

Yet he still sang in the cornfield when the skimpy nubbins had been stored, and there was nothing to do but to gather the fodder:

"Oh, to Grace how great a debtor  
Daily I'm constrained to be."

The poor heart felt a revival of the long-tried trust as the crisp, golden blades rustled to his touch. "It's something to be thankful for," he said to his hired boy, David, pulling the last armful from the stunted stalks. Then the harvesting was finished; except the gathering of the pippins and the wine-saps, and as the crop had been a short one the gathering of it in was a small matter.

"We've got enough to eat, anyhow," he told the neighbors, "an' that's something to be thankful for."

Finally the fruit was stored and Deacon Ellis entered into his well-earned winter rest.

"The Lord will let Job alone now," Farmer Foster's wife now said, "an' sholy it is time."

But the deacon's troubles were not yet ended; there was still one more calamity in store for him—the fire that burned his barn and destroyed

means of his own livelihood were vanishing.

His neighbors were appalled. The good old deacon had no enemies; and now even those who had found something to laugh at in his great faith in the face of calamity were shocked.

The Sunday following the burning of the barns the neighbors met early at the church and discussed the matter among themselves. It was finally decided that among themselves they would raise enough money to pay off the mortgage on the farm, and from their own full granaries furnish seed for the next year's crop.

"I want to hear him bless the Lord once more," said Farmer Foster, with a big tear in either eye.

"And have somethin' to bless Him for," added his wife, as she brushed off a crystal drop that had trickled to the tip of her nose.

Then some one whispered that the deacon was at the door and the congregation settled down to its accustomed quiet and decorum as the old man entered. He was aging, Deacon Ellis was, he leaned heavily upon his staff, and the neighbors noticed, for the first time, how the silver in his hair had given place to snow.

Farmer Foster's tears no longer stood in his eyes but followed each other in quick succession down his sun-browned cheeks. He felt, as did many others of the congregation, that at last Deacon Ellis stood face to face with that moment in his life when there was nothing left for gratitude.

For the first Sunday since the little church had heard his prayers there would be no thanksgiving. Then the sympathetic farmer thought of the mortgage, already as good as lifted, and he felt a strong impulse to rise up in his place and tell him to cry out: "Thank the Lord if you wish; go on thanking Him."

So excited did he become that Mrs. Foster touched him on the arm and said, in a whisper: "Zekiel, kneel down."

The deacon had begun his prayer; broken and quivering the accents, soft and slow the petition. The rod had fallen so heavily! There was a pleading cry for strength, a grasp at faith, a full surrender to the will of Him who doeth all things well; and then, as the voice gathered strength and the heart returned to its old-time trust, the chief characteristic of his religion exerted itself, and Deacon Ellis, thanked the Lord that she whom He had given to be to him a helpmate and a solace had been gathered into rest before his calamities had overtaken him.

Then, as the grand old voice rose again in the sweet, familiar hymn:

"Here I'll raise mine Ebenezer," the people listening felt indeed the sublimity of faith erecting its altar upon the ashes of despair.—Youth's Companion.

## HIS CHARITY.

Case Where a Poor Boy Aided a Rich Man.

A great deal is written about rich men giving to poor boys, and it is pleasing and novel to hear a true story of a poor boy showing charity to a rich man, soliloquizes the Boston Transcript.

One night not long ago General Swayne of New York was going up town on a Fourth avenue car. He tucked his crutches under his arm to investigate his pockets and found he had no money.

"I suppose I will have to get off," he said to the conductor. The conductor said he supposed he would.

Then up spoke a voice from the bottom of the car. It belonged to a small, one-legged newsboy, who had to depend on crutches as General Swayne did.

"There's a pair of us," said the boy. "I'll lend you a nickel to pay for your ride."

The offer touched the general's heart, for it was plain that a desire to spare his pride had led the boy to call it a loan. He said to himself that sometime he would pay the five cents back with interest.

He asked the boy's address. The boy gave it, but told him it didn't matter. When Mrs. Swayne, at her husband's request, drove to the address of the boy who had pitied her husband she found that he was dead. The debt could not be paid to him, but he had left a mother and some little brothers, who have profited by their brother's loan.

## Steel Tools.

To etch a name on steel tools: Clean thoroughly from grease, and then spread a thin coat of beeswax on the tool at the place where the name is to be. This must be as thin as possible. Then with a sharp needle-point write through the wax to the steel. Paint this over with a mixture of nitric and muriatic acid; and when bubbles cease to rise the work is done. Wash in strong soda-water.

Another recipe: The man in the neighborhood had been studying the same recipe in the book for half an hour, and getting madder every minute.

Desired

## OVER THE WIRES.

The Mysterious Power of the Telegraph and Operator.

I was talking to the telegraph operator during a lull in his work, says a writer in the Detroit Free Press, and with some degree of awe was dilating upon the mysterious power he controlled with a finger tap.

"It's a wonderful thing, isn't it?" I said. "this chaining of the lightning?"

"I've always understood chain lightning was no slouch," he responded, rattling the key of his instrument.

"Your work is most interesting. I should say," I continued, "when the messages go flashing over the wires."

"I never saw one flash. I think. They just go ticketty, tick, tick mostly, unless a wire's down."

"But in moments of exciting events, the wires are kept hot with flying messages, aren't they?"

"I never went outside to feel a wire," he said slowly, as if he wanted to be sure he was right, "but I don't think the wire ever sets the telegraph poles on fire."

"The lightning-like rapidity with which—" I began with a sense of something unsatisfactory in the difference of opinions we held, and feeling that the operator had no poetry in his soul, when he made a grab for the key and for the next ten minutes was so busy swearing at something that I became very tired and walked out of the place.

## Medical Friends.

A woman was arraigned before a criminal court in Paris on an accusation of having poured molten lead into the ear of her husband while he was lying in a drunken sleep. The defense maintained that the deed of which the defendant was accused was utterly impossible because the sleeper would have been immediately awakened through the terrible pain caused by the molten lead. This had not happened; but the man had continued in his sleep. To prove this theory, two medical men were called as expert witnesses. To prove their point the doctors poured molten lead into the ears of two sleeping dogs. The poor brutes immediately jumped up with a piteous howl of pain and rolled about in contortions so fearful as to be utterly indistinguishable. Death at last released them of their terrible sufferings. It is a pity that the murderers of the poor creatures could not be held responsible at law for their savage cruelty. No doubt the defense for the accused could have been made without torturing to death two creatures as sensitive to pain as man himself.—Chicago Herald.

## In Case of La "Grip."

Jinks—I wonder why they make such awfully large collars on overcoats nowadays.

Winks—Why? So that when your tailor meets you in the street he may get a better grip at it.—Truth.

The world is full of men who have things they want to sell for less than they paid for them.—Atchison Globe.

## The Sworn Tormentors of the Inquisition.

What cared they for the groans of the victim as he lay stretched upon the rack? Yet people whose hearts are neither as hard as the mill stone, nor whose fortitude is excessive, often have no pity on themselves—voluntarily incur life-long torture by neglect. Rheumatism, the most agonizing and obstinate of complaints is, perhaps, more frequently neglected in its incipency than any other. The preliminary twinges being set down to the credit of "a cold in the bones" which will pass away of itself. Singular cases of "fatal dolours" (Hysteria's Stomach Bitters is a potent safeguard against the terrible inroad of this insidious and dangerous malady—dangerous because of its proneness to attack the heart, the seat of life. Neuritis is also contracted and relieved by the Bitters. Malaria, kidney complaints, debility, indigestion, biliousness, a gripe, loss of appetite and the inability to sleep are among the complaints free from this genial corrective.

Free land is now being secured in Sisseton at an enormous expense of time, money and bodily suffering.—Chicago News.

## No More Round Shoulders.

In Easton, Pa., Shoulder Braces are made by the thousands by the Knickerbocker Brace Co., and sold throughout the United States. All sizes for Men, Women, Boys and Girls. Your Druggist or dealer will tell you all about them.

Mr. Corbett will try to get in his work early on Mr. Sullivan to avoid the rush.

In 1850 "Brown's Bronchial Troches" were introduced, and their success as a cure for Colds, Coughs, Asthma, and Bronchitis has been unparalleled.

Allopathy and homeopathy have taken to pistols in Louisiana, as if they were not already sufficiently deadly.

It is not generally believed that a liquid eye is essential to pouring over a book.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

When the regular patron goes to the barber shop he can see his own mug without looking in the mirror.

Bryant's Home College, Buffalo, N. Y., gives a full business college course by mail, at student's home. Low rates and free trial lessons.

"There is nothing like poached eggs," as the man said when he robbed his neighbor's hen-house.

Dr. C. B. Judd's Electric Belts will cure in nearly all cases where medicine fails. Sold on six months' trial. Judd Electric Co., Omaha, Neb.

Now there is Lactanthum vulgare! You can beat your life in an eye's delay. Books on botany say so.—Pittsburg.

Mr. Martin Washburn, Chattanooga, Tenn., says: "It costs but little to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and it is all that is necessary to convince me of the truth of the statement that it will cure heart trouble."



## ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and \$1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.  
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.  
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

## "German Syrup"

I am a farmer at Edom, Texas. I have used German Syrup for six years successfully for Sore Throat, Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Pains in Chest and Lungs and Spitting-up of Blood. I have tried many kinds of Cough Syrups in my time, but let me say to anyone wanting such a medicine—German Syrup is the best. We are subject to so many sudden changes from cold to hot, damp weather here, but in families where German Syrup is used there is little trouble from colds. John F. Jones.

The old saying that "consumption can be cured if taken in time" was poor comfort. It seemed to invite a trial, but to anticipate failure. The other one, not so old, "consumption can be cured," is considered by many false. Both are true and not true; the first is prudent—one cannot begin too early. The means is careful living. Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil is sometimes an important part of that. Let us send you a book on CAREFUL LIVING—free.

Scott & Bown, Chemists, 139 South 5th Avenue, New York.

Your druggist keeps Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil—all druggists everywhere do. \$1.

33

## GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.

W. BAKER & CO.'S  
Breakfast Cocoa

from which the excess of oil has been removed, is absolutely pure and it is soluble.

No Chemicals are used in its preparation. It has more than three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

\$30000 CASH PRIZES

TO EXTENSIVE STEWART'S EMULSION POWDERS

UR

Unless you answer this notice "you are not in it" FOR OUR CASE PRIZES, \$100 to the first person getting it before June 30, 1900; \$50 to the second; \$25 to the next five, and \$10 to the next ten. For the last correct answer we will give away \$100. The prize is \$100, to the next thirty (should be many more) \$10 each. This money will be paid in cash on June 30, 1900. A list of the winners will be sent you. With your answer send the above, postal note, or thirty stamps, for a list of our STEWART'S EMULSION POWDERS. Obtain rules and terms. Used by the thousands to cure coughs, colds, and a host of other ailments. \$1.00 per bottle. Send for your free copy. STEWART'S EMULSION POWDERS, 100 N. 3rd St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Now there is Lactanthum vulgare! You can beat your life in an eye's delay. Books on botany say so.—Pittsburg.

Mr. Martin Washburn, Chattanooga, Tenn., says: "It costs but little to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and it is all that is necessary to convince me of the truth of the statement that it will cure heart trouble."